The American Colonies

                                                                                                      1492 Bald Eagle Ln.

                                                                                                             Philadelphia, PA 19140

Dear King George III,

    It’s an overt fact that we have history together. We’ve been together for such a long time, and we seemed to be getting along just fine. Although you and I both know that isn’t the case. Lately, when I picture our future together, the vision is murky. It’s leading me to believe that our relationship is becoming feckless and unhealthy, and that it’s time for us to go our separate ways and see other people. Before you become launch into a big histrionic fit, I probably owe you an explanation. [1]

    First of all, you never treat us equally. You never do anything that benefits me. Plus, you need total control over everything. It’s like I can’t live my own life anymore. I always have to check if it’s alright with you before I do anything because you’re so paranoid that I might be cheating on you. All of this and you’re allowed do whatever you want, whenever you want? There’s no equity to that! I should be able to make my own rules about my own life, not have you make all of the decisions for me. I have no room to grow! It’s all making me very distraught. You know what? I deserve to have my own life! I deserve freedom! I deserve happiness! They are all God’s gifts to me and you can’t take that away. I think I should find somebody else who gives me the rights I deserve. [2] [3]

    I bet that you didn’t think I would find out about this next part. I’ve discovered that you have been sending your friends to keep surveillance over me, thinking it’ll protect me. I don’t need or want that! If anything, I think it’s creepy and decry even the thought of it. It makes me feel vulnerable. Speaking of what I want or need, would it kill you to listen to me every once in a while? You refuse to acknowledge what I have to say, though I listen to you all of the time. In fact, I have to listen to you and only you. I’m done living under your rules. It becomes really mundane after a while. [4]

    My communications with other people have been cut off, and you reprimand me when I talk to people you’re jealous of. Well, I have been secretly finding ways to communicate with my friends. Want to know what they say? They believe that your behavior is unacceptable. My one friend says that it is a great ignominy to men everywhere that you make me pay for every date. I agree with him, I have stayed taciturn about the fact up until now, but I am ready to speak my mind. Next time we go out to dinner, if there ever is a next time, you can pay for all of the food that your insatiable appetite needs. [4]

    Do not get me started on our constant arguments. I am done with the petty fights that you always start based on your myopic views. You start fights about everything! You think it protects me from harm later, but in actuality, you contribute nothing to my protection. I have repeatedly protested in return, trying to maintain the ounce of freedom I had left. Your answer always seems to be along the lines of telling me to suck it up and get over it. This is only another reason for me to put an end to this tyrannical relationship. [5] [6]

    You should have seen this coming. I have exhumed the issues time and time again, always asking for control over my own life. I had hoped that requesting to move out of the apartment we shared together would have been a sign that you would pick up on, but you refused my pleas. I have even asked you nicely, appealing to you many times that I needed my space. You still didn’t get the message. Because of this, I believe it’s time for me to take a stand and fight for what I want, and I am doing so with this letter. The best solution to this is for us to break up. There’s nothing else that can be done about it. [7]

    I think I represent not only myself, but people in broken relationships everywhere, when I say this: I am claiming my life back. No longer will I allow you to pull me down and limit me. I’m sorry if I sound invidious and mordant with these statements, but it’s for the best. Today is the day that I start my new life free from you and your repressing ways. Maybe someday in the future we can be friends, but I can’t see that happening any time soon. With that, I bid you farewell and good riddance, George. May my life without you be a pleasant and  halcyon one. [8]

                                                                                                          No Hard Feelings,

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